

the world's 'bout to break by tiny_wolfchns

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Summary:

Chan steps towards him. Hyunjin's scent has thrown him off and he's feeling itchy under his skin. Hyunjin lolls forwards then looks up at him. He tilts his head to the side. His neck is exposed like he's submitting, but the way his eyes hold Chan's make it anything but. The mockery of submission makes Chan's teeth ache and he feels a growl rumbling up from his chest.

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Chan and Hyunjin, both hybrids, have escaped from the facility

where they were being kept. They find freedom tastes like blood.

Notes:

(See the end of the work for [notes](#).)

Work Text:

They've been on the move for the past two days, walking, jogging, scrambling up and down slopes, sprinting across roads, only stopping to nap once in an abandoned hut. Chan had stayed up to watch while Hyunjin collapsed into sleep, and then Hyunjin had done the same for him, waking him the agreed four hours later so the two of them could keep pressing on away from the facility where hybrids were kept and experimented on.

They'd each slept curled at the other's sides, pressed together as much as possible. Chan feels desperate for physical touch after being locked alone for so long, and Hyunjin seems to feel the same. They haven't strayed more than 10ft from each other since they escaped and even then Chan finds himself constantly glancing at Hyunjin, making sure he's still there, still beside him, breathing, alive, free.

That he can't properly smell the omega makes it worse; that he has to use his eyes to locate him and not his nose. The scent patches the facility workers had slapped on them are definitely beginning to wear off – Chan keeps catching notes of his own scent and an unfamiliar musky smell that he thinks must be Hyunjin's ferret scent – but they'd agreed to keep the patches on for as long as possible. It's just one less way for them to be tracked. Chan still doesn't know what Hyunjin actually smells like: the facility workers always made sure to keep the ferret hybrid's patches fresh, but were never quite as scrupulous with him.

As curious as he is about Hyunjin's scent, the only thing on his mind right now is running. They're pushing their bodies to the limit, but it's necessary. They have to get as far away from the facility as they can while the chaos of their escape is still in motion. Chan's faring better than Hyunjin but neither of them are in great shape. Hyunjin had already been in there for months by the time Chan was thrown into the cell across from him.

Still, as they near a group of abandoned buildings looming up ahead through the darkness, they exchange tired grins: this will be their next stopping point. Hyunjin is the first to start running,

breaking into a reckless sprint with the last of his energy. Chan follows, bounding after the ferret hybrid, losing himself to the chase for a moment. Hyunjin swerves into his path, so Chan grabs at him, bringing them both down to tumble over the dirt, enjoying the feeling of the omega in his arms. Hyunjin's laughing as he bounces back up, continuing the mad dash forwards.

Chan scrambles back up as well, jumping to hoist himself up some scaffolding so he can take a better look at the surroundings. His muscles are protesting after months of disuse in the facility cell, but it feels good to be able use his body like this again. The chain hanging from his wrist clatters against the metal as he climbs and he grabs it to stop the noise.

They're in some sort of yard between a few derelict buildings – crumbling in places with steel struts poking out of the walls like skeletal fingers. A few useless pieces of chain link fence surround the area, battered, not keeping much in or out. Chan can smell it's deserted – they both could when approaching downwind earlier. It still doesn't stop him from scanning the area carefully, his grey wolf ears alert for any unusual sound.

Below him Hyunjin is sniffing around the yard. He kicks an old shopping trolley then slips into one of the more derelict buildings through a crumbled wall. Chan's skin prickles as the omega leaves his sight, and something in his chest urges him to follow. It's probably the furthest they've been from each other since getting out and it makes him nervous.

Chan spares a glance for the moon before he climbs down. She's round and full – bright even partially hidden by clouds. He's long since grown out of believing in the old stories of hybrids being blessed by the moon, but something in her light soothes him. There were no windows in the facility cell and he didn't realise he'd miss it this much. Still, he gives in to the pull towards Hyunjin and jumps down, following him in. There's a whole bunch of half broken shelving in here, random packets of things still lying here and there, old trolleys and crate scattered about. It looks like it could have been a store at some point, although someone's obviously used it as a shelter before, judging by the mattresses on the floor.

His eyes flick around, searching for Hyunjin until he spots him over by a fridge. The hybrid's short white tail is swishing in excitement. He glances up and grins again as Chan comes over.

"Hey there's still soda in here," Hyunjin grabs one of the cans in question and cracks it open.

"What the hell?" Chan mutters. God knows how long these have been here, he thinks, but grabs one anyway. He's been ignoring how dry his mouth is for hours, his brain too caught up in their escape, wired on adrenaline and not much else. He chugs the first one, barely tasting it, and grabs a second, Hyunjin already doing the same.

The ferret hybrid laughs as he finishes, crinkling the can up in his fist and chucking it at a shelf. "Fuck, that tasted terrible, how was it so good?" he giggles, slightly hysterically, "I guess freedom tastes like shitty soda." With that begins clawing at the scent blocking patches on his neck. Chan grabs his hand, trying to stop him.

"We said we'd keep them on as long as we can –"

"This is as long as I can." Hyunjin snaps, standing up and pushing past Chan, his laughter gone. "Don't fucking make me do this any longer," his fingers finally find purchase on them and he rips the patches off, balling them up and launching them as far away from him as he can. Chan bites back a growl as he lets Hyunjin leave. He pants as he stumbles away from Chan, rubbing at the red spots on his neck where the patches had been stuck, bringing his natural scent back to life.

Chan sniffs curiously at the air as Hyunjin collapses onto a mattress with a puff of errant feathers. He's never smelled the omega properly before, but suddenly the scent hits him like a punch to the gut. It's strong, musky, darker than Chan was expecting, almost burnt at the edges. He starts breathing through his mouth to lessen the impact, and that's when he realises - Hyunjin is an alpha.

Something prickles down his back and he feels his ears tilt backwards. Unbidden, his hands come up to his own neck and scratch the scent patches off. His own scent blooms around him,

like a forest after a winter storm, and he pushes it outwards, filling the space. He sees Hyunjin sit up and take a deep breath through his nose. He rolls his head back and closes his eyes like he's savouring it.

Chan steps towards him. Hyunjin's scent has thrown him off and he's feeling itchy under his skin. Hyunjin lolls forwards then looks up at him. He tilts his head to the side. His neck is exposed like he's submitting, but the way his eyes hold Chan's make it anything but. The mockery of submission makes Chan's teeth ache and he feels a growl rumbling up from his chest.

"What is it?" Hyunjin asks, his voice soft. He stands, his grey eyes never leaving Chan's dark ones, then steps forward, forcing Chan to look up at him. Chan's ears flatten against his skull and he bares his teeth. "Tsch," Hyunjin chuckles, "You thought I was an omega didn't you? I get that a lot." He frowns then corrects himself, "I... used to get that a lot..." his little ferret ears flick in discomfort.

Chan's still trying to breathe through his mouth. This close, Hyunjin's scent is overwhelming, especially after the sterile cells they were kept in for so long. Chan's never really felt the need to assert dominance before, but then again, he's spent the last four months chained in a cell, unable to smell himself, forced into examinations, punished for retaliation, treated as less than human. Some part of his brain is going *hey, come on, this is Hyunjin, you know him, he's pretty much the only reason you're sane right now*, but the louder part of his brain is telling him to sink his teeth in and not let go.

Hyunjin makes the decision for him, crowding further into his space, leaning forward so his breath brushes Chan's cheek as he whispers "Go on, just let it out." A growl is ripped from his throat as he grabs the front of Hyunjin's jacket and pulls him around to slam him into the closest surface - some pane of glass near them. The glass shatters on impact and Hyunjin's back hits the shelf behind it, nearly knocking it over. Chan's blood is singing in his ears. Throwing his weight around feels good, even though the ferret hybrid is laughing. Eyes crinkled shut, grinning even with blood running down the side of his head, scraped by the glass.

“Fuck, yes,” he breathes, pulling Chan in closer. Chan goes, snapping at Hyunjin, but the ferret is faster, darting in to nick Chan’s lip with his sharp little teeth in what could almost be considered a kiss. The iron tang of blood fills Chan’s mouth and he spits it at Hyunjin, red spattering across his cheek. Chan reaches up and scrabbles for purchase in Hyunjin’s shorn hair before grabbing his chin instead, forcing his head to one side. His fingers dig into Hyunjin’s jaw as he claws at Chan - useless over the stolen layers he’s wearing.

Chan leans in, scraping his teeth up the side of Hyunjin’s neck, his split lip leaving a trail of blood. He hears Hyunjin gasp shakily, the vulnerable little sound from the other hybrid sending sparks skittering down his spine. It makes him get cocky, loosening his grip on the other as he goes to bite down. Hyunjin doesn’t give him an inch, surging up as soon as he feels Chan soften, aiming his shoulder to connect with the side of Chan’s head. It hits his cheekbone solidly, sending him reeling to the side, stumbling over his own feet. Hyunjin’s laughing again as Chan regains his balance. He pushes his tongue against his cheek, the side of his face pulsing. He feels alight, half feral with Hyunjin’s musk still filling his senses.

His eyes find Hyunjin again, still standing in the shards of broken glass. As their eyes meet Hyunjin brings up a hand to wipe the spit and blood from his face, panting openly. His fingers hover in front of his mouth before he presses them inside, closing his mouth and sucking, his eyes never leaving Chan’s. Chan feels a full body shudder wrack him as the urge to claim the other hybrid obliterates every other thought in his mind. He’s barrelling forward before he knows it, using his smaller size to his advantage as he slams his shoulder into Hyunjin’s midriff. Hyunjin doubles over with a gasp as the breath is knocked out of him. Using the momentum, Chan heaves him up before staggering over to the nearby mattress to throw him down. Hyunjin lies there, winded, as Chan half falls onto him, forcing his legs open roughly so he can crawl between them.

This time he doesn’t pause as he pushes Hyunjin’s head to one side and bites into his neck, just above his scent gland. The whimper-cry from beneath him is divine. Chan digs his teeth in deeper, almost breaking the skin. He’s pressed against Hyunjin from chest to crotch

and he can feel where both of them are hard already. He ruts down to relieve some of the pressure as he gives his head a sharp shake, treating Hyunjin like prey and earning another broken off sound.

Chan finally lets go as he feels one of his canines prick the skin and blood starts welling in his mouth. He licks it up, the salty warmth hitting his tongue like embers. It wasn't a claiming bite, but just having Hyunjin beneath him with Chan's mark on his neck is calming something inside him. Hyunjin's hands are fisted in the fabric of his jacket, keeping him close. His breath is coming out in short pants.

Chan trails down further, nose ghosting over Hyunjin's scent gland. Now he's getting used to it, he can smell subtler notes – an undercurrent of spice. There's still that burnt edge to it like Hyunjin is in pain and Chan wonders if that's ever going to go away. The urge to *claim, protect, defend* wells up inside him and he lets himself lick over the gland, tongue flat to Hyunjin's neck. The other alpha gasps and shudders beneath him, hips rocking upwards as Chan does it again. Then suddenly he's being flipped, his back hitting the mattress as Hyunjin surges upwards. He's growling before he can stop himself, but Hyunjin isn't restarting the fight. He's leaning forward, pushing his nose under Chan's chin and begging:

"Please, please just let me –" Chan tilts his chin up, his heart clenching as Hyunjin nuzzles at his scent gland, dropping small kisses across it. It feels almost too good to be scented by another hybrid after this long. "Fuck, Chan, you smell so good," his kisses turn into small licks and nips, sending shivers up Chan's spine.

Hyunjin's still speaking into his skin, "They never replaced your scent patches on time, I could always begin to smell you – just the hint of you like fucking torture when I couldn't touch –" he cuts himself off as he licks a stripe up Chan's neck, his tongue almost searing hot. "They always, *always* did mine on time, 'cause ferrets *stink*, but not you. Drove me fucking insane how much I craved it – you – especially after your rut –" he breaks off again as Chan flinches at the reminder of the one awful rut he'd had at the facility before they put him on suppressants. His memories of it are hazy, clouded by unfulfilled desperation, fever, and physical pain. He knows Hyunjin was there when he could be, talking to him from the

next cell over, offering what little comfort he could.

“Sorry, sorry,” Hyunjin is muttering against Chan’s neck, “it was bad, it was so bad, but you – your scent –” Chan turns his head to capture Hyunjin in a kiss before he can say anything else. It’s messy – desperate with too much teeth. Hyunjin bites down on Chan’s bottom lip, reopening where he’d nicked it before, just to swipe the blood away with his tongue. Chan chases after it, pushing his own tongue into Hyunjin’s mouth to taste iron again. He can’t fist his hands in Hyunjin’s buzz cut so he pulls on the collar of his jacket instead, trying to press them impossibly closer.

Hyunjin grinds down, still straddling Chan, and he feels their cocks rub together through too many layers of fabric. Something within him snaps and he starts pushing the jacket roughly off Hyunjin’s shoulders. It’s cold – their breath misting in front of them – but both of them are running hot right now, as alphas do. Hyunjin gets the message and sits up to shrug the jacket off. Chan does the same before getting his hands under Hyunjin’s t-shirt, exploring across his waist, his back, over his chest. The feeling of his smooth skin over the planes of lean muscle is intoxicating.

“I want – can I –” he’s not even sure what he’s asking but Hyunjin is already breathing, “Yes,” into his skin, so he flips them again, rolling Hyunjin onto his back. His shirt is pushed up and Chan noses over his chest and down over his stomach to the trail of hair as he tries to undo his jeans as fast as possible. He manages to pull them down with the underwear only to get stuck on Hyunjin’s shoes, which he rips off, single-mindedly. Then, he’s finally pushing himself between Hyunjin’s legs again and wrapping his lips around his cock, sinking down halfway immediately.

Hyunjin makes a strangled sound, hips bucking up uncontrollably. Chan can’t imagine how long it’s been since Hyunjin felt this. He holds his hips in place as he bobs his head and sucks, tongue working against the underside. It’s been a while for him as well, but the weight in his mouth feels too good. He draws back to swirl his tongue over the tip, getting a hit of salty precum before sinking down again, further and further until his nose is buried in hair and he can feel Hyunjin at the back of his throat. He stays there for a moment, letting himself get used to the feeling again, holding

Hyunjin's hips in an iron grip as he twitches beneath him.

"Chan, fuck, *Chan*," come the breathless pants from somewhere above him, and then a moan as he finally swallows around Hyunjin. Chan has to pull off as it nearly makes him gag, but he dives straight back in, laving over the head again before sinking down and actually getting a rhythm going.

He takes one hand off Hyunjin's hip so he can pump the base of his cock, sinking down to meet his own hand again and again. It means Hyunjin can move a bit more – uncoordinated twitches and thrusts almost throwing off his rhythm. It's cute really. He likes how much the other alpha has given over control, one of his hands fluttering around Chan's hair, brushing against his furry ears, but never grabbing. The noises spilling out from him are even better – soft gasps and whines, interspersed with Chan's name, like he's calling him closer.

Chan sucks harder, relentless, even though his jaw is beginning to twinge. Hyunjin gasps, hips bucking again. "Chan, I can't – I'm gonna – fuck, I'm gonna cum," Chan pulls off, replacing his mouth with his hand to bring Hyunjin shuddering over the edge, spurting white onto his stomach and chest. In another life Chan would savour this moment, but right now there's only one thing on his mind. He's already gathering up the cum, coating his fingers in it and pushing Hyunjin's legs wider so he can press a finger against his hole. Hyunjin just whimpers, head thrown back and eyes scrunched shut as Chan eases his finger inside, trying to be gentle despite how much he wants to rail the other hybrid into the ground.

"Okay?" he asks, his voice slightly ragged. Hyunjin just nods. He's tight even around just one finger and Chan takes his time, rubbing circles into his thigh with his other hand. He's barely holding himself in check, simmering just beneath the surface, cock still trapped within his jeans. Once he can actually fuck Hyunjin he's not sure there'll be much holding back, but right now he's just focussing on opening him up.

Hyunjin's getting more relaxed, so Chan withdraws to scoop up some more cum, before pressing a second finger in beside the first. Hyunjin squirms slightly, a small sound dropping from his lips,

which turns breathless as Chan just brushes over his prostate for the first time. He's not sure how sensitive Hyunjin is after coming once already, so he's trying to go slow – only for Hyunjin to buck down, forcing Chan's fingers deeper. He moans and his limp cock twitches, so Chan does it again, sliding firmly against the little ball of nerves this time and earning another cry. The sound goes straight to his dick and he can't help rutting up against nothing as he continues fingering Hyunjin, scissoring his fingers as he does.

"Yes, yeah, that's good," Hyunjin pants.

"Yeah?" Chan breathes, eyes drawn to where his fingers are sliding in and out of him.

"Ye-ah," Hyunjin's words are almost a moan as he bites his lip hard. His next words make Chan's hand on his thigh clench, nails digging into the skin, "Wanted you to fuck me for so long, need it, need you in me." A possessive growl rumbles out of Chan as he scoops up more cum and shoves three fingers back into Hyunjin.

"Oh fuck – *Chan*," Hyunjin moans as his fingers try to dig into the mattress, his blunt nails scrabbling for purchase. Now he's started talking it's like he can't stop, "Used to – *hah* – think of it, what you'd feel like – *f-fuck* – if you'd even want to –"

"Yes – god, Jinnie, I want to,"

"Then do it," Hyunjin's voice is challenging and he's managed to look up and actually lock eyes with Chan despite how much he's panting. Chan can't get his clothes off quick enough. He's still wriggling out of his jeans and shoes when Hyunjin, now shirtless, sits up and pulls him into a kiss, his long fingers tugging Chan's own shirt up and over his head, forcing them to break apart. When he's finally naked Hyunjin straddles him, shoving him down as he gathers up the last of the drying cum on his stomach and smears it over Chan's dick, spitting on it for good measure before lining up and sinking down. Chan has to grab his hips, digging his fingers in as the sudden tight heat overwhelms him. Hyunjin's letting out tiny noises as he grinds his hips minutely, trying to get used to Chan's thickness.

He looks stunning like this, split open on Chan's cock, lean chest rising and falling as he pants with the sensation. There's dirt on his face, blood on his mouth and dark smudges under his eyes from weeks of restless nights, but Chan wouldn't have him any other way. Chan's bite mark above his scent gland has bloomed a deep red that he knows will turn purple by morning. Seeing his mark on Hyunjin feels right. It makes something in his chest feel solid, like Hyunjin is the only rock he can cling onto in a sea of chaos, keeping him safe, keeping him sane. He reaches up and presses his thumb into the bruise, causing Hyunjin to shudder and whine, even as he leans into the touch like he craves it.

Finally Hyunjin starts to move, planting his hands on Chan's chest and rolling his hips, driving himself back onto Chan's cock. Chan thrusts up to meet him, matching his rhythm. It punches moans out of Hyunjin that complement the noises of their skin slapping together and his own ragged breathing. Hyunjin's eyes are scrunched up, his eyebrows drawn up together and his mouth has formed a little 'o'. Chan feels like he could watch him forever, lost in the sensation of Hyunjin's body pulling him in, clenching around him again and again.

Hyunjin's eyes crack open and he meets Chan's gaze, pleading and desperate. He scrabbles to grab Chan's hands without breaking his rhythm, and then raises them above Chan's head, pushing their intertwined fingers into the mattress, lowering himself so their foreheads are touching. Their breath intermingles like they're one being. The chains at their wrists clink together softly.

He can't move quite as well in this position so Chan just thrusts into him harder, noises from both of them getting lost between them. Their scents are twining together, spiced musk and winter forest and a hint of blood singing through his senses. He likes how they smell together, like embers and ice balancing each other out.

"Chan, *Chan*," Hyunjin moans into his mouth. He wants to swallow it, wants to take all of Hyunjin for himself. "Will you knot me?" The words send hunger racing through him, quickly followed by uncertainty. Can he knot while on suppressants? He hasn't been forced to take them in two days. Can Hyunjin take it? Will it hurt him? (Does Chan care if it does?)

“Jinnie...” he gets out, but Hyunjin’s already interrupting him, sensing his concern.

“Please, I want it, I want it,”

“I don’t – I don’t know,” he wants to, desperately, but he’s still holding onto some control, unsure if he should. Hyunjin makes a frustrated noise, then leans down and sinks his teeth into Chan’s shoulder, hard, just below his scent gland, his sharp teeth drawing blood instantly. A growl is ripped out of Chan as instinct takes over. He’s shoving Hyunjin off him, manhandling him so his face is pressed into the mattress, ass up, forcing him into submission. Hyunjin’s laughing again, a hysterical sound that turns into a drawn out moan as Chan shoves back into him, bottoming out immediately. He leans over and sets his teeth to the back of Hyunjin’s neck, scruffing him.

Hyunjin’s body goes slack. His legs start trembling where they’re holding him up, and a high whine is drawn from his throat. Chan presses down – not biting harder, just pushing Hyunjin against the mattress, his chest against his back. He grinds his hips against his ass, cock buried deep, and Hyunjin sobs. The noise soothes something in Chan’s brain. He pulls back, giving the new bite mark a few gentle licks.

“Still want my knot?” he murmurs, and feels Hyunjin nod frantically.

“Yes, yes, fuck yes – ah,” Hyunjin’s words become garbled sounds as Chan kneels up and fucks into him properly. Hyunjin’s back is arched so prettily, and Chan holds onto his hips for leverage as he pounds into him. There’s a smudge of blood on Hyunjin’s back from Chan’s shoulder, and more is dripping down Chan’s chest. The smell of it his driving him slightly wild, making him snap his hips punishingly fast as he feels the base of his cock begin to swell. Hyunjin’s crying out and sobbing, his hips twitching and bucking in Chan’s grip. Whether he’s trying to roll back onto Chan’s cock, or rut down on the bed to get some stimulation on his own dick, Chan doesn’t care. He has Hyunjin right where he wants him.

His eyes are drawn back to the smudge of blood on Hyunjin’s back

and then up to the mark on his neck. Chan's marks. They're good, but not enough. He wants to claim all of Hyunjin, knot him and keep them locked together. He raises one hand to swipe through the blood oozing from his shoulder, then presses it into Hyunjin's back, leaving part of a bloody handprint. Chan's hand. Chan's blood on his smooth back. He looks perfect.

Chan's knot has swollen now and is catching on Hyunjin's rim. The other alpha is speaking again, just managing to push coherent words out between moans.

"Please Chan – *uh* – need it, need it, need you – f-fuck, please knot me," Chan spits into his hand and pulls back momentarily to smear it around his knot before beginning to press it into Hyunjin. "Ah, Chan, p-please, I'm so close, so, so—" his words are cut off by a long moan as Chan splits him open. It's not easy, there's not enough lube and he's not an omega, built for this, slicking up in preparation. He's shuddering and clenching too hard and it's almost painful.

"Jinnie," Chan grits out, only to be answered by desperate sobs. He reaches down and grips the back of Hyunjin's neck, pressing his thumb into the scruff mark and suddenly Hyunjin goes boneless again. Chan's knot slips inside fully and there's a small, "*Oh fuck*," from Hyunjin before he's clenching down again, legs shaking as he cums. Chan grinds into him, knot practically being milked by Hyunjin's orgasm which brings him over the edge, pleasure whitening out his brain, shooting deep into Hyunjin's body before collapsing over him.

After a moment Chan rolls them onto the side, the movement pulling at his knot and making both of them gasp. He gets an arm under Hyunjin's head and pulls his body close, kissing the back of his neck. One of Hyunjin's hands finds his and he intertwines their fingers over his chest.

"Chan..." his voice is quiet, spent. "Will you stay with me?"

"Of course," Chan breathes into his skin.

"After this, I mean... After we've got away,"

“Of course,” Chan uses his free hand to press Hyunjin closer to him, if such a thing is possible. “We escaped together. I’m not leaving you. We’re staying together.”

He feels Hyunjin nod. “Together,” he echoes, his fingers tightening around Chan’s own like an unbreakable vow.

Notes:

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